The Seed Sower.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Good-Bye. Poem. Maggie Robertson ...	65
2. Lord Rosebery on Wealth and Happiness. By the Editor	65
3. Biographical Addresses by the late Rev. Dr. Sadler. Archbishop Leighton. (II.) ...	69
4. In Sight o' Land. Poem. W. F. E. I. ...	73
5. Preachers and Preaching. By the Tate Lecturer. IV.—On Some Elements of Pulpit Power	73
6. Ethics of Pleasure	76
7. With the Miserecordie	77
8. The Children's Page	79
9. The Valley of Childhood	80

Good-Bye.

Soft falls the moonlight's silvery rays,
Glistening the crest of the wavelets dancing;
Fair is the maid, by the shore, who strays,
Gladness and hope from her blue eyes glancing.
Now, she is nearing the trysting-tree,
Soon her true lover she's fondly greeting.
Little she thinks, as the moments flee,
This is to be their farewell meeting.
Sad would the heart be, oh, bitter the sigh,
Could we know when we're bidding a last good-bye.

No longer the moonbeams gild the tide;
Athwart the sky is the lightning gleaming;
The youth has sailed from his promised bride,
Safe in her home she is sweetly dreaming.
No dread forebodings disturb her sleep;
Peaceful, she rests on her snowy pillow;
Her love the while, where the surges sweep,
Lies cold and still 'neath the foaming billow.
Sad would the heart be, oh, bitter the sigh,
Could we know when we're bidding a last good-bye.

All through our lives we are dropping friends,
Bidding good-bye without thought of grieving,
And dark the shadow each parting lends
To the web of life we are deftly weaving.
In that land of light where no shadows rest,
Life's web complete, and our labours ended,
We shall find our lives had not been blest
Had the shadow ne'er with the sunshine blended.
Ah, grieve not, dear friend, heave no bitter sigh;
To the faithful and true there is no good-bye.

MAGGIE ROBERTSON.

Lord Rosebery on Wealth and Happiness.

BY THE EDITOR.*

A few days ago, in opening a cottage hospital at Epsom, Lord Rosebery made one of his bright, characteristic speeches, in the course of which he discussed the relative advantages of great and little wealth, as for instance in the millionaire and the artisan.

"I am often tempted to think," he said,

What is the real advantage of being what is called well-off. However wealthy you are you cannot eat more than one dinner a day. However wealthy you may be you have only one body to dress and decorate, and you can only ride one horse at a time, unless you are practised in the games of the circus, and in fine, reason it out as you may, you will find that the mere gratification of the individual cannot lead to any further expenditure, and even in the gratification of luxury there are counter balancing considerations. The man who lives less well-off than another is apt to enjoy much more vigorous health, and, therefore, in most requisites perhaps life is not, as between rich and poor, so unequal as it seems to be."

It is only fair to add that this argument led up to a plea for the cottage hospital, because in the one direction of sickness there existed, no doubt, a marked inequality between rich and poor.

* An address delivered at the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham, on Sunday, June 4th, 1899.

As far as I can analyse it the one great advantage of wealth is this, that when these you love are sick, or weak, or aged, the well-off can call to their assistance the best medical advice, can change the climate for their benefit, can prolong life as compared with the poor, not merely in length of years, but in ease of existence.

Beyond that great set-off, Lord Rosebery appeared to think that happiness is much more equally distributed than is commonly supposed, and that really there is no need for that envy of the rich on the part of the poor which is far too common.

Well, now, although Lord Rosebery's speech has excited a good deal of comment, I would have you remember that the point he made is a very old and commonplace one. Moralists and philosophers, from Diogenes to Jeremy Taylor, have never tired of discoursing upon it. Notwithstanding wide differences in outward condition, there is a pretty substantial equipoise in the amount of pain and pleasure in the lives of men. The total length of day and night all the year round is the same at the North Pole as at the Equator—half and half. Only at the Equator it is half and half for 24 hours at a time, 12 hours brightness and 12 hours darkness pretty regularly all the year round; while at the North Pole night lasts through gloomy months of winter with scarcely a gleam of sunshine even at noon-day, and the sky is bright for unbroken weeks of summer, when the sun never sets below the horizon. And when you come to add them up at the year's end, the man who shivers in the ice, and the man who burns and melts under torrid skies, have about the same length of sunshine and darkness. So there is more equality in human conditions than at first appears. Do you think that the man who has a thousand pounds a week is a thousand times happier than the man who has only a pound a week? Nothing of the kind. He may not be any happier. Happiness is not in ratio to income. People are eager after wealth, because they think wealth will give them this and that on which they have set their desires, and then how happy they will be! If they were wealthy they could ride in first-class instead of third-class carriages, they could have their own yacht, they could own a race horse or two, they could hunt and shoot and fish in season, they could live in a beautiful mansion standing in a quiet park, instead of living as they do now in a dirty, noisy, grimy town, they could have stalls at the theatre instead of crowding in at the pit, and the conclusion is drawn that they would be proportionately happier! Would they? All experience shows that every condition has advantages attending its disadvantages, and that whatever our lot we have all pretty nearly the same quantity of the raw material, pleasure and pain, and that the quality of our lives, and the true measure of their happiness, is not in what we have, but in what we are.

Nevertheless, in this matter it is specially needful to keep our minds clear from cant. I do not say that wealth has no desirable and peculiar advantages of its own. The almost universal craving for wealth shows that its possession has some promise of happiness, however often it fails of performance. I do not say—neither does the Gospel teach us—that it is better in the nature of things to be poor than to be rich; to be in hard rather than in easy circumstances; to live in a narrow rather than a broad and open world. "Plain living and high thinking" is a noble ideal, but it does not follow that the plainer the living the higher will be the thinking, or else we should look for our philosophers in workhouse wards. We read much of the poor fishermen of Galilee, and indeed the twelve disciples present us a picture, beautiful and precious, of what joy and power and fulness of life there may be in poor men whose minds have been fired by great thoughts, and whose hearts have been moved by great affections. And yet the man who laboured more abundantly than they all, and whose influence was incomparably the strongest in shaping the destiny of the church and humanity, was the child of well-to-do and cultivated parents, and had all the advantages which the most complete education, polish, and social position could give him for his transcendent work. The New Testament has many blessed words of hope and comfort for the poor, and many grave and solemn words of warning for the rich. Yet, with the New Testament in my hands, I could not say to a poor man, "Do not seek to better your position, to live in a larger house, to win a bigger income; you are safer and happier as you are." That is a very maudlin kind of Gospel. We have heard it

several times lately from the lips of fair countesses, noble lords, and fat millionaires. They seem quite anxious to persuade the poor that after all the well-paid artisan has the best of the bargain. The retort is obvious:—"Well, if ours is the better part, suppose that you who tell us so change places with us and try." "For my own part," says the artisan, "I could exchange my lot for yours without a pang. I could appreciate riding in a carriage and pair instead of a penny tram; I could enjoy a properly-served dinner every day better than my cold meat and bread," and so on.

Let us keep clear of cant. There are advantages in being well-off. The man who improves his position and "gets on," as it is called, has better chances of happiness than before. It is like re-potting to a plant—its roots have more room, and it puts forth larger shoots and fairer flowers. The man who advances from a low to a high level of outward prosperity does, as a matter of fact, widen his world. The question to be considered is this—Is *he* large enough to take it in? Can he with royal power make this wider world his own? The question is not how wealthy am I, but how do I use my wealth? For he is richest and happiest who circulates most, not he who possesses most. If you would estimate a man's wealth so as to discover in it some measure of the happiness it brings him, find out what he uses and passes on. The exports are of much larger significance than the imports in the matter of happiness. Not what we win but what we give gauges our happiness.

And yet I am sure that the richest men among us are never the happiest. If you want happiness, go to the little child without a farthing and without a care, happy in the summer sunshine with a happiness a millionaire might envy. Is it not significant that there are more suicides among rich people than among poor, and that pessimism, disgust and despair of life, is a disease of the well-to-do? The older I get the more clearly do I see that as men mostly use it, as probably you and I would use it if we had a sudden accession of fortune, increase of wealth does not bring with it increase of being, increase of power, increase of enjoyment. And when I mark the royal souls of human life, the men whose lives were rich and voluminous, the men who were supremely happy because they were absorbed in great interests, I find that they were nearly all poor men. How much was John Milton worth when he died? What, think you, was the personality of Francis of Assisi, or of John Wesley? Faraday, that beautiful soul, never had more than £300 a year. Garibaldi, Gordon, Mazzini, Tom Hood, Charles Lamb, John Bunyan, men whose lives add a lustre to human life far above that of soldiers and kings, and whose writings have given delight to millions, were all poor men.

The great social problem before us in the twentieth century, so near at the door, is not how to make men rich, nor how to turn every workman into a foreman, and every foreman into a master, and every master into a joint stock company, but how to make the life of labour—which nine out of every ten must live—intelligent, dignified, happy, full of interests, rich in joys, with a broad outlook, and larger possibilities of being. I am sick of much of the talk one hears about getting on. Here is a man who began life with the proverbial half-crown, and by boldness and vigour, by leaps and bounds, by exceptional gifts and exceptional chances, amasses half-a-million. And having done this, he is forthwith invited to address a Young Men's Christian Association, and says: "Look at me! I have only been sober and industrious. All that I have done you can do." That is merely fudge and flapdoodle! It is a bit of damnable folly and deceit to tell working men that they can all become rich. No; but they can become, and all social effort should aim at enabling them to become, manly *where they are*, self-respecting *where they are*, intelligent *where they are*, lovers of art, beauty, music, and literature *where they are*, high-minded citizens, true patriots, faithful husbands, kindly neighbours, courteous, refined, and gracious *where they are.*

To elevate a little the lot of a thousand is far more than to help *one* of their number to escape from that lowly condition into great wealth. What true socialism aims at is not equality of condition: bring that about by Act of Parliament and a general distribution of land and wealth to-morrow, and by to-morrow week it

will all be upset. No, not equality of condition; but something like equality of happiness, equality of being, equality of culture and refinement, equality of character and manhood.

The first element in any general increase of happiness for the workman is this—that he shall find his work of such a sort that he enjoys, loves it, has a deep interest in it, finds his pleasure in it. That work should be done under healthy conditions, that it should be honest work, of which a self-respecting man may be proud, that it should be work in which a man has room for his mind, that it should be fairly paid, and accompanied by reasonable leisure for culture, recreation, and home-life is our great want. Mr. William Morris, who was himself one of the hardest workers this century has known, a poet, an artist, a designer, a maker of chintz and wall-papers and curtains, and a dozen other things, has left it on record as the secret of all his success, and of all his social efforts, as the secret of a happier future for England and for English art:—"That the true incentive to labour shall and must be pleasure in the work itself." That was for Morris the sum of his beliefs in politics, in economics, and in art. One of his great cardinal axioms was this:—"No work which cannot be done with pleasure in the doing is worth doing." What men hated, he declared, was not hard but degrading work, drudgery, monotonous toil under unhealthy conditions. His own love of work, he averred, was by no means singular. All would love work if they could work at what they love. "I try to think what would happen," he says in one of his lectures, "if I were forbidden my ordinary daily work, and I know that I should die of despair and weariness. I have worked not from the fear of starvation and disgrace, but because I love the work itself." His horror of pleasureless labour made him keenly sympathetic with the working man, even in his most unlovely phases. "If I were to work ten hours a day at work I despised and hated, I should use my leisure, I hope, in political agitation, but I fear in drinking!" And so he exhorted men by work and example to work on, "not living like fools or fine gentlemen, and not beaten by the muddle of actual conditions, but like good fellows trying by some dim candle-light to set our workshop ready against to-morrow's daylight."

To give men pleasure in their work—what a grand ideal! And then, in addition to pleasure in work, which is possible for some now, and one day will be possible for all, even as the pleasure of an artist before his canvas, there are the pleasures every man may find in great thought, sweet affections, fine literature, interest in public affairs. A millionaire seated in a library that cost £10,000 to furnish is reading Tennyson. He is not a bit happier than John Giles, seated in his wooden arm chair by the kitchen fire of a six-shilling cottage, reading Tennyson. The poor man is swept away into the same bright world of fancy, feeling, and passion as the millionaire, and for happiness there is not a pin to choose between them. It is said that all men are equal and equally happy when they are asleep. It is quite as true to say that all men are equal and equally happy when they take up Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, and Dickens. The pleasure of a noble play nobly acted is as much the man's in the sixpenny gallery as the man's in the stalls. Perhaps for keen, deep enjoyment of a good play the gallery is always the place.

Many more things are to be said which now must be taken for granted. Meanwhile we may find pleasure in the music of this fine old song of Dekker's:—

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour bears a lovely face!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour bears a lovely face!

Christianity consisteth not in never falling, but in rising when you fall.

Biographical Addresses by the Late Rev. Dr. Sadler.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

II.

Meanwhile, however, he had become so highly esteemed both for his character and abilities, that the office of Principal of the University of Edinburgh was soon offered to him, and in that he would be free from all Church interference. In this office, which he retained eight years, two objects occupied his attention; one was to provide the means of a more careful and solid preparatory training for those who were intending to enter the University; the other was to produce a religious impression on the young men who were already pursuing their studies. For the latter purpose he delivered lectures in Latin, some of which have been translated and published, and which to my mind are perhaps the most valuable of his writings. They seem to me admirably adapted to carry out the aim expressed in his first sentence: "With little strength," he says, "I undertake a great work; or rather, with the least abilities, I venture upon a task which is, of all, the greatest and most important. Among the various undertakings of men, can an instance be given of one more sublime, than an intention to form the human mind anew, after the divine image? Yet it will, I doubt not, be universally acknowledged that this is the true end and design, not only of ministers in their several congregations, but also of professors of divinity in schools of learning."

The vacations at the Scotch Universities are longer than those of any other Universities, so far as I know; and Leighton made use of them for his favourite pursuit of travel. Not that he was intent on visiting the grandest or most beautiful scenery, or the most remarkable cities or centres of art. His object was to obtain personal knowledge of men who were exercising influence in the department of his own labours. "He loved," says Burnet, "to know men in all the varieties of religion." He appears to have thought, with Mrs. Clarkson, that "it is only those who go amongst different sects that really know what the world is made of." Now he would pass some time in London to listen to men to whom Cromwell had showed favour, and who were most after the hearts of the multitude; but for Leighton they were too noisy and controversial, "men of unquiet and meddling tempers; and their discourses and sermons were dry and unsavoury, full of airy or of bombastic swellings." During another holiday, he would cross the Channel, "to see what he could find in the several orders of the Church of Rome," and on one occasion he fell in with some of the Jansenists, who were so closely associated with Port Royal, and whom, as you will recollect, Pascal esteemed so highly, and sympathised with so warmly. Among these Leighton found what he was in search of,—not indeed men with whom he could agree in all matters of opinion or practice,—but "men who seemed to be of extraordinary tempers, and who studied to bring things, if possible, to the purity and simplicity of the primitive ages; on which all his thoughts were much set." Those persons who confined themselves strictly within the boundaries of their own sect or party, could not understand his larger spirit of fellowship. "By many," says one of his biographers, "he was judged void of any doctrinal principles; and his close correspondence with some of his relations at Douay in Popish orders, made him suspected as very much indifferent as to all persuasions which bear the name of Christian, and as much taken with some of the Popish mystic writers, and indeed a Latitudinarian, and of an over-extensive charity."

In the stirring political events amidst which he lived, he took little part. So far as the government of the country was concerned, he accepted existing authorities without any active desire for change. Even so late as 1648 he joined the "Engagement," which had for its object the reseating of Charles on the throne. Under the Protector, however, we find him administering the "Solemn League and Covenant" against Popery and prelacy. To the second Charles he was a loyal and faithful subject; the more so from his mind having drifted gradually towards Episcopalian views.

And now we come to what may properly be regarded as the chief epoch in Leighton's life. The Church in Scotland had done well during the Commonwealth. Even Burnet, who was no partial judge, acknowledges that the ministers, though not without some "sourness" in temper,

were yet men of weight, earnest, industrious, efficient, and commanding great respect among all classes. But soon after the Restoration, and notwithstanding the promises of Charles to the Presbyterians, a scheme was formed to establish the English Church in Scotland, and to do away with that form of religion which had moulded the character and become dear to the hearts of the people.

Leighton was nominated as one of the new bishops. This was partly through the contrivance of his brother Elisha, who was connected with the Court, and who was a man ambitious of family distinction, and partly through the high estimation in which his own qualifications were held, and the influence of his character even on those who most widely differed from him. As to himself, he declared that he felt a stronger aversion to the office than he had felt to anything in his life. But he was told that unless he could allege conscientious scruples against acceptance, he was to consider the appointment a command; and such scruples he had not. On the other hand, he thought that his moderate views and his spirit of conciliation, might enable him to become an instrument of good. So he resolved, as he said, "to undergo" what was put upon him,—"if it must be,—as a mortification, and that greater than a cell and hair-cloth." Had he, then, forgotten the sufferings of his father? No; but there was in him no desire for retaliation; he would learn by the violence of the past to avoid all violence in the future; and as to "quitting old scores," he said on another occasion, "it would justify the sarcasm that *the world goes mad by turns.*" Though he preferred Episcopalianism, he thought the form of church government by no means of the first importance, and he hoped that by mutual concession Episcopalians and Presbyterians might blend into one, or at least work harmoniously together.

The bishopric he particularly requested to have was that of Dunblane, because it was the smallest; the emolument from it has been reckoned altogether at £200 a year. Stress was laid on his being re-ordained as a minister, and he acceded to it as to him a matter of indifference. At "the feasting and jollity (these are Burnet's words) on the day on which the four bishops were consecrated at Westminster Abbey, he was much concerned, the beginning had not such an appearance of seriousness or piety, as became the new modelling of a church." The four proceeded to Edinburgh together in one carriage; but finding that there was to be a grand public reception on their arrival, he left his brethren at Morpeth, and finished the journey apart, so as to avoid all pomp. When they formally took their seats in Parliament, he absented himself; and when he appeared there at all, it was to oppose some oppressive measure, or to advocate measures of comprehension and peace: and then he failed not to take a prominent and courageous part in the proceedings. The title "Lord" was not at all to his liking, and so far as might be, he begged that he might be spared the pain of hearing it applied to himself. Two things were foremost in his mind; the first was to promote religious life, and the second to do away with all feeling of bitterness and hostility, and to frame terms of agreement. To accomplish the first, he was indefatigable among his clergy, and would often fill vacant pulpits himself, ready for any service that he could render. In order to accomplish the second, he held frequent conferences with the leading Presbyterians, and repeatedly had interviews with Charles to secure his interposition and powerful aid; but after long perseverance the good bishop was obliged to acknowledge to himself that his efforts were of no avail. The Presbyterians, while feeling the charm and power of his character, and the persuasiveness of his affectionate appeals, regarded the proffered concessions as temptations to forsake their first love. On the other hand, his own colleagues blamed him for being ready to yield so much, and almost accused him of treachery for his unwillingness to follow their example by resorting to the strong arm of the law. He thus stood alone,—being the only bishop who advocated a lenient and conciliatory course. In these circumstances he determined to resign his bishopric, and in a personal interview told the king that the proceedings in Scotland were so violent that he could not concur in planting the Christian religion itself in such a manner, much less a form of Church government. The king seemed touched by the statement laid before him, and promised that the outrages complained of should be put an end to, and that

moderate counsels should be followed. As to the resignation, it could not be accepted; and after Leighton had occupied the see of Dunblane for nine years, he was prevailed on to become Archbishop of Glasgow. Possibly what he could not do as the least of the bishops might be accomplished by him as their chief. Two years more of hope deferred and of sickness of heart passed, and he repaired to the Court to obtain the royal assent to his retirement. The answer was:—"Try one year more, and then, if you are of the same mind, your wish shall be acceded to." Accordingly, in 1673, he laid down a responsibility to which he said he felt himself unequal at all times, and especially in times of increasing divisions and contentions. He had preserved his own diocese from violence, but as to the great object he had set before him as a peacemaker he could do no good on either side; he said "his work seemed to be at an end; he had no more to do unless he had a mind to please himself with the lazy, enjoying a good revenue." His desire was "to spend the rest of his days in a corner." "In periods of strife the best thing to be done," he said, "is what the bees do in stormy weather, remain quietly at home and work there." On another occasion, he said he "longed to escape, if only into the air among the birds." Writing to his sister respecting his contemplated change, he subscribed himself, "your poor weary brother." In taking leave of his clergy, he said, "If in anything I have injured or offended you, or any of you, in the management of my public charge, or in private converse, I do sincerely beg your pardon: though, I confess, I cannot make any requital in that kind; for I do not know of anything towards me, from any of you, that needs a pardon in the least, having generally paid me more kindness and respect than a much better or wiser man could either have expected or deserved." "He was," says Burnet, "the freest of censuring others, or of imposing his own methods on them, possible."

He was now 62 years old, and the last eleven years of his life were spent almost entirely at the house of his sister at Broadhurst, near the village of Horsted Keyner, in Sussex. There and in neighbouring villages he was constantly employed in reading prayers, or preaching, or ministering to the poor. During these years of seclusion "he lived (to borrow Burnet's expression) in a most heavenly manner, and with a shining conversation." His brother-in-law, after daily intercourse with him, said, "If none shall go to heaven but so holy a man as this, what will become of me?" A little child of the house said "his uncle did not give thanks like other folk."

His habits were of the simplest kind, not ascetic only, because his nature had no sternness in it, but was full of gentleness and mellowing sweetness. Yet it has been observed that his devoutness had in it something of a "cloisteral complexion." He would have delighted to visit from time to time such a House as that of the Brothers of the Common Lot, where Thomas à Kempis dwelt so many years. His ideal of a life was one "spent between ascending to fetch blessings from above, and descending to scatter them among men." He thought that it would have been much better if, at the Reformation, the old Abbeys and other places of retirement and devotion, had been freed from the entanglement of vows, and other evils, instead of being done away with.

He looked forward to the close of his earthly days with a yearning which few can understand. Instead of being cast down by sickness and infirmity, his temper, which was in general "serene rather than gay," rose to an unusual pitch of vivacity "when some illness attacked him." It was not that he was insensible to the beauties of Nature or the ties of kindred and friendship. His admiration and delight were great as he rode over the Sussex Downs, and breathed the fresh air, and listened to the larks, and gazed on the wide expanse beneath him of fields and woodland; and there were not a few to whom he was warmly and tenderly attached: but the flesh was to him, as he said, only a "lodge," or "cottage," in which he was to wait for the higher life; or, as he once called it, the "miry boots" of his earthly pilgrimage; and if a weariness had come over his spirit from the disappointment of his hopes, and from the discord which rent the religious world, his defence of himself is irresistible, as pointing one evening to the children who showed signs of being tired, he said, "shall I, who am three-score years and ten, be loth to go to bed?" Yet, when someone suggested that he should look forward to a hereafter with exceptional assurance, his reply was,

"No, indeed; only a good hope, and a great desire to see what they are doing on the other side."

In his 74th year the end came, and in circumstances such as he himself preferred. Most of us like to breathe our last in our own homes and on our own beds, surrounded by those whom we most love; but he had often said that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it was suitable to a wayfarer, and his mind would be more collected without the sorrowful attentions of weeping friends. There seemed to be one more opportunity for him to say a word for peace, which might have some effect, and Burnet wrote to urge him to come to London to utter that word. He took up his abode at the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, and there he was seized with pleurisy, of which he died within three days of his arrival.

So closed a life which had much more in it than he who lived it ventured to hope. He had always thought little of himself, and only lamented that he could not do more for others; but others remembered how much he had done for them. He was always giving, and preferred to do it through other hands than his own. At his father's death he inherited a thousand pounds, his sole property at the time; but this was soon lost through his neglect of the warning of his brother-in-law of the necessity of having it properly secured. His friends, however, seemed to regret the loss much more than he did. He said: "I confess it is the wiser way to trust nobody, but there is so much of the fool in my nature as carries me rather to the other extreme, to trust everybody." At Dunblane, his servant went out fishing one day, and locked the door, leaving his master imprisoned till evening. The only remonstrance of the master was: "When you next go a-fishing, remember to leave the key in the door." He had so modest an idea of his own preaching, that he preferred small auditories, but Burnet describes it as having in it a "sublimity of thought, a majesty, and beauty, and pathos" which made a lasting impression, and deeply touched the heart. He retained the orthodox opinions in which he was brought up; but he had that liberality and that largeness of sympathy which result from laying immeasurably more stress on a devout spirit and a godly life than on any form of doctrine. "The mode of church government," he said, "is immaterial; but peace and concord, kindness and goodwill, are indispensable." "Would to God," he said, "that men were but as holy as they might be in the worst forms now among us! Let us press them to be holy, and miscarry if they can." On hearing of one who had changed his views, he said, "Is he more meek; more dead to the world? If so, he has made a happy change." On his nephew saying he could not understand a certain passage of scripture, Leighton said, "and many more I cannot." On being asked the meaning of "the mark of the beast," he said he could not tell, but "if he might fancy what it was, it would be something with a pair of horns, that pusheth his neighbour, as hath been so much seen and practised in church and state." He strongly objected to that kind of zeal, which, as he expressed it, "fetches ladders from hell to scale heaven." By a friend calling one day, it was found that the Episcopal bishop had gone to visit a sick Presbyterian minister on a horse borrowed of a Roman Catholic priest. He recognised the liability of all to error, nothwithstanding the best intentions, and one of his prayers was "to be delivered from the errors of wise men; yea, of good men." He liked to dwell on the few great principles which have their basis in the natural piety of the human heart, and on which all Christians can meet as on common ground. Accordingly he selected, as the subject of a careful commentary, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments. It has been remarked of his writings, that there are not many authors in whose volumes are more of the "seeds of things." And this is confirmed by the fact that from his works are taken most of the aphorisms which serve as texts in Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." Coleridge says his object was "to exhibit from the works of one who, perhaps, of all our learned Protestant theologians best deserves the title of a spiritual divine, an instructive and affecting picture of the contemplations, reflections, conflicts, consolations, and monitory experiences of a philosophic and richly-gifted mind, amply stored with all the knowledge that books and long intercourse with men of the most discordant characters could give, under the convictions, impressions, and habits of a spiritual religion."

In Sight o' Land.

Above the restful summer sea
The skies are clear, the winds are bland;
And the ship rides on full merrily,
In sight o' land.

Glad songs of home float on the air
From those upon the deck who stand;
And eyes grow dim and wistful there—
In sight o' land.

An hour—and friend with friend will meet,
Lip cling to lip, and hand clasp hand.
Oh how the heart throbs sorely sweet
In sight o' land!

But lo! athwart the radiant heaven—
(Alas for hopes by mortals planned)
The thick clouds of the storm are driven,
In sight o' land!

Cursed by confusion dark, as though
God had awhile resigned command,
The furious waves crash to and fro,
In sight o' land.

And that proud ship, which oft has crossed
The changeful sea from strand to strand,
With every soul on board, is lost
In sight o' land.

The morning comes, with joyant breath—
But cold and silent on the sand
Lie some who saw the face of death
In sight o' land.

W. F. E. I.

Preachers and Preaching.

BY THE TATE LECTURER.

IV.

ON SOME ELEMENTS OF PULPIT POWER.

(Notes of a Lecture delivered at Oxford.)

PART II.

First in importance is a large and vital interest in men. There are preachers who give the impression that they are more interested in subjects, in questions, and in sermons, than they are in men. They think more about subjects for the pulpit than of the men and women in the pews. It so happens that with broader culture, and a more Catholic faith, we find a special pleasure in raising new and fresh and original subjects for discussion. It is almost as good as if we made a new and grand religion out of our own heads. The Gospel, the Bible, and our studies come to be valued because they furnish subjects for preaching, and the people are apt to fall into a secondary place. We forget that subjects are for souls. Now there are a great many grand and beautiful subjects open to preachers, and it is our privilege to catch the hint of all profoundest things from the smallest intimations. There are rich mines of wealth still unexplored out of which we may bring the fairest gems. But in all this our danger is that we may come to have an interest in subjects that does not respect their uses—what feelings they will kindle, what convictions arouse, what comfort offer, what they will be to the men and women who listen. If we think of persons and their needs first, there is many a fine subject will have to wait in our commonplace book, while we give the simple bread that is needed for to-day's sustenance.

A danger of a similar kind is that our very training and calling may give us a disproportionate interest in Theology, so that we are largely removed from the world of men. Dealing much and rightly with Theological questions they are apt to become the preacher's all in all until he is almost oblivious of the vast and moving spectacle of human life. He dwells in the abstract instead of in the living world. His men are often just theologic lay figures, the subjects of propositions, rather than warm-blooded, living, suffering, struggling, rejoicing, despairing human beings. I make no objection to the abstractions of Theology; but I warn you against making gods and finalities of them. The difficulty is that we so soon lose the consciousness of persons and get our whole appetite set on questions and propositions. Subjects are for souls and theologies are for souls.

Or to put it in another way. Our pulpits are apt to put the emphasis of their mission somewhere else than upon men,—namely, on truth. There is a great deal of the most praiseworthy earnestness about truth. We are zealous in fighting against the doctrinal errors that have disfigured the Gospel; we are moved to the depths of our souls while we contend for a more verifiable creed. But our earnestness is often, even when at white heat, about truth than about men. Hearers do not always feel that the preacher is anxious about *them*. The

earnestness we manifest is about propositions, creeds, and doctrines,—and men feel that while there is fire indeed of a kind, the preacher's heart is not warm towards *them*. Now we do well to be earnest in the investigation of truth, (God forbid that I should belittle it in any way) and in vindicating its claims on human allegiance, but the injunction that is first laid upon all preachers is to move men to hate iniquity, to love goodness, and to translate the truth they know into life and character. Truth is for men.

Again, we are in great danger of substituting interest in the church for interest in men. We may be very much alive to the success of the church, and yet have the tamest concern for men. We are running a mill, otherwise called a chapel, and we earnestly desire it shall prosper. But it sometimes happens that this desire for prosperity is for the mill's sake, rather than the people's. We put ourselves into the cause with great industry of endeavour. We write our sermons in the hardest way, and preach them in a way as hard—and the people find them hard, too—straining every faculty to the utmost. It is a shop, a business, an institution, a post, a position we are anxious about, and we wonder that we get so little sympathy. But if we lay ourselves out for the success of a cause, an institution, a church, rather than for the raising of men to better things, how can we expect sympathy? If we were after the men, if our spirit yearned for the men, if our eye, and voice, and tender concern had men in view, there would be responsive sympathy, but since we grieve only for the mill, there is no particular reason why the men should be moved.*

Gentlemen, with all your learning you must be instructed in men. Many preachers fail for lack of the sense of men, for lack of nearness to and sympathy with men. This statement may seem strange in face of the fact, that manhood, renewed manhood, enlarged manhood, uplifted manhood is the preacher's special business, but it so happens that his very calling does something to shut him out from the world of men. He is supposed to occupy an unworldly position,—and as a matter of fact it is a position in which he is kept in the dark as to much that goes on amongst men. Hence, the abundant satire put upon the clergy, as being ignorant of men, living a life out of contact with the world, and practically disqualified for any manly part in human affairs. That some subjects and a certain kind of language are tacitly and practically forbidden in a clergyman's presence, is too often a sign that he is regarded as of another order than simple men.

How can you expect to interest men in what you say, unless you have a large and vivid interest in what they are and do? Perhaps you do not find it difficult to be interested in men who are interested in you, and who are interested in subjects you care for. You can be interested in good men, in graceful men, in cultured men, —you can be interested in church officers; you can be interested in the pious women who will make much of your ministry. But are you interested in all sorts and conditions of men? Can you sit by the road-side and chat with a gipsy? Can you go into the Exchange, where men of business congregate, and feel the fascination of the place? Can you find a cabman interesting? Can you find something attractive in a millionaire? Have you learned to be all things to all men, to actors and artists, to publicans and politicians, to soldiers and sailors, to the bad as well as the good? You are to be fishers of men, and the most costly tackle in that respect,—learning and rhetoric and theology —is worthless if the trout do not leap when you cast the fly. It is all very well to have the finest line and rod money can buy; in addition you must study the ways and customs of the fish. Every day you ought to read and study some new chapter in the great book of human life. The preacher can never be a recluse. If you are to preach to men you must know them; and if you are to know them you must be more or less among them. You must not be afraid of hurting your souls, or contaminating yourselves, or your character, or your reputation; it is not your business to be afraid. It is your business to know and minister to human life; to know its needs and perils, its struggles and privations, its hardships and ambitions, not in a general way as you hear about them from books, but in a particular way as you know of them from your personal knowledge. But in your business and in the performance of that business you must not be afraid: and if you are the kind of man that a minister ought

* See Dr. Bushnell's Essays.

to be, with high and noble aims, with pure, lofty, and merciful purpose, you need not be afraid of a large and generous intercourse with men. Your first business is not with institutions, nor with Theological questions, nor with subjects for sermons,—but with men.

Specifically,—you must take advantage of wide conversation on every subject of human interest, not omitting much converse with common people, for there is scarcely a man anywhere, illiterate, untaught, from whom something may not be learned, and whose point of view may not be worth studying. He, too, has "views"—and stubborn views at that: views that he has imbibed somehow, and made to be the push and throb of his personality. Then underneath his views he has the common human nature that all men have, and a very respectable and even august and portentous thing. It is yours to get on conversable terms with such men; listen to what they have to say. And while you converse with all sorts and conditions of men, do it quietly, respectfully; not as perpetually shocked by many things that you see and hear—nonsensical things, infidel things, malignant things, shocking things—supposing they are shocking; you are around after ideas and knowledge of men, not to be horrified and paralysed. Live in the world. Meet everybody you can, and when you meet him assimilate him and make sermons of him—as Mr. Ward Beecher once said at a dinner of mutton: "the next time that sheep bleats it will be in a pulpit."

For the knowledge of men is not the mere gratification of curiosity. It is to quicken interest and kindly feeling, and a broad, sweet humanity in the preacher. The one desirability of many ministers is to more quickly feel interested in men—perhaps they do in Man—Man in the abstract—but not in men in particular—in John, Thomas, James, Dick. Love for men is not the spring from whence their ministrations spring forth. They are proper persons. They behave. They dress rigidly in black suits. They call on their congregation. They visit the sick. They are kind to the poor. They are very decorative on ceremonial occasions. They uphold hospitals, reforms, philanthropies, and the C.A.S. There is a ring of respectability in all their joints. And they accomplish much good too. But they do not get near to the life of men. Humanity is not terrible nor beautiful to them. All this is their duty—they feel some pleasure in it—but, they have no warm, vivid interest in men.

Now for a vivid interest in men you need two things—sympathy and experience,—and these requisites are within your own power. And to speak of the last first, lack of experience is, of course, a thing that cures itself, and no beginner is to be discouraged because at first he blunders in his judgment and treatment of men. Doubtless some blunder less than others, and there is a gift of insight bestowed in varying degrees upon men, which is sometimes an endowment of the young. But this is not usual. Knowledge of human nature, insight into its motives and processes comes, as a rule, with years of observation, reflection, and experience. But if we have eyes to see and ears to hear we may from the first be storing up treasures of experience with which to make real and rich our preaching.

It is true also that sympathy comes with years and culture. Here again, there is a natural endowment, which gives some men the advantage over others. There are men whose very presence creates an atmosphere of sympathy. They confide, and are confided in; they are friendly, and make friends; they are open-hearted, and hearts open to them as if by magic. On the other hand, there are natures naturally reserved; when we seem to be getting near to them suddenly we find the shutters let down; it is difficult to know them; they never give confidences, and so they never invite confidences, and it may be such men are we. Now this coldness and reserve must be melted away. We can make ourselves new men in this respect. What although I feel no sympathy with a certain person, that is just an instance in which I have to educate my sympathies. Let me put myself into the right attitude; let me seek out some act of kindness to be done to him; the very doing of that act brings me into a new and more favourable relation to him; it clears the channels along which the waters of feeling may presently flow. The will enters into this education of the sympathies.

(To be continued.)

Ethics of Pleasure.

The glorious summer weather which has been the happy lot of nearly all our land during the last few weeks has quickened the desire of millions for their annual holiday. Thoughts of the sea-shore, of mountain-climbing, of river reaches prolific in fish, of healthy golf-links and rural cricket, lighten the mental throes, and perhaps distract the attention of youthful examinants at the end of school term. And in every counting-house and warehouse the rota of holiday makers, long ago settled, is eagerly scanned, with many a speculation by belated ones, on the probable duration of the present elysian skies. Time was when this eagerness for pleasure used to be frowned upon by parents, teachers, and employers. But we have changed all that. Nay, as is usual with the humours of successive generations, there is some little danger of our running to the opposite extreme and acting on the assumption that there is nothing worth attention but enjoyment or the means to secure it.

Perhaps we might find it easier to keep that golden mean in which safety lies if we were accustomed more than we have been to distinguish between pleasure, happiness, and blessedness. Pleasure is passing and partial; happiness is a condition or state of the whole man, with more or less continuance; blessedness is an external life of which the consciousness may be dimmed, but which is never lost. Pleasure is the flash of a single summer hour. Happiness is as a settled season of brightness and warmth. Blessedness is as the climate of Eden, which no days nor seasons can exhaust. Pleasure is given by the welcome excitement or free action of isolated feeling or power, as, for instance, in watching or playing a good game of cricket. Happiness is a diffused feeling of satisfaction given by a season of more or less entire harmony with our surroundings of duty, affection and hope. Such is the condition of an honourable and successful man of business when he has honestly won comfort for his wife and children, together with power to help the helpless, and a fair expectation of gaining yet more influence for good. Blessedness is that highest condition of all in which the soul has "laid hold on eternal life" by unreserved surrender to and contentment with the will of God as recognised in evolution, history, and inspiration.

It will be seen that it is quite possible to have pleasure without happiness and happiness without blessedness. But the soul that possesses this last may well be indifferent about the other two. When the doomed criminal Müller was brought back from America to answer for the murder of Mr. Briggs, he occupied himself during his voyage to the gallows by reading Fenimore Cooper's novels; and it was said that they gave him great pleasure. We can well believe it; for the stories gave welcome excitement to part of his nature, an interest in adventure. But the reading could not possibly give him happiness, because his abiding condition was at hopeless discord with the environment of an ordered civilisation. Ascending to the highest glories of humanity, we may recall how Paul and Silas, wounded and fettered and friendless, sang hymns of praise in their prison. They were far too blessed to care either for pleasure or even happiness.

Perhaps reflections like these may help us to, at least, a practical solution of the fallacies in which too many of our generation are involved by the plausible and yet shallow assumption that enjoyment is the end of existence. Reasoning very rightly that God could never have created any beings for the ultimate purpose of misery, they are somewhat hasty in jumping to the conclusion that their best way of serving God is to enjoy themselves. But the last term is a very vague one, and may mean anything—from pleasure in novels up to the bliss of the martyr. And if a young man says, "I prefer the novels," he loses himself at once, because he prefers the flash of pleasure to an abiding state of blessedness.

The truth is that mortal faculty does not enable us to attain either happiness or blessedness by directly aiming at it. We may certainly reach pleasure in that way, at least if we have even a few pence in our pockets, for the gratification of the senses is not necessarily expensive. But no man ever reached happiness or blessedness yet except by the apparently round-about road of duty to man and loyalty to God. Imagine Paul and Silas going into the Philippian gaol for the sake of the midnight ecstasy! That

ecstasy came because they went there thinking only of their Lord and human souls. But if they had gone there for the express purpose of that joy they would not have attained it. If we do our duty loyally through the year, and are at one—not with our surroundings as they are—but with our mission to make them better, we shall know something both of happiness and blessedness, and when the holidays come we shall have no temptation to base pleasures.

By all means, then, let our young workers, and our old ones, too, for that matter, take their pleasure with a light heart. It is not, as some would foolishly tell them, the end of life. But it is a fair reward of toil, and a recuperation for higher and better work. From this point of view we may find a special satisfaction in the enormous increase made during the Queen's long reign in facilities for travel and for innocent amusement. Village wakes and brutal sports used to be the only amusements of the country, and prize-fights, dog-fights, and cock-fights of the town. Thanks to the spread of more liberal ideas, both of religion and social politics, we live, as it were, in an atmosphere at once clearer and more genial. Let us accept with gratitude, then, the harmless pleasures accessible in our brighter days. But let us ever remember that happiness or blessedness is only attainable through the good fight of faith.

With the Miserecordie.

It is Sunday morning, and our ship steams slowly into Leghorn harbour under the bluest of Italian skies. We hire a wherry, and go ashore, glad to escape for a time the monotonous roll of the wave-washed vessel. Hardly have we crossed the city's threshold, when we come upon a weird procession of hooded men, carrying on their shoulders an empty litter. We are told they are the famous Miserecordie; so we follow until they reach their chapel, and go in after them. Our questions are kindly answered by a "brother," whose face we cannot see, and we are soon investigating for ourselves the mysteries of this solemn brotherhood. It goes without saying that no religious body anywhere is held in greater respect and veneration than the Italian Miserecordie. While distinctly Roman Catholic in denomination, it ministers to the wants and sufferings of all creeds and classes. It was founded in olden time by a Florentine, who sought in a humble way to alleviate the sufferings of his poorer townsmen; but little did the good Samaritan imagine the extent to which his ideas were destined to be carried out long after his bones were crumbling dust.

The Order of Miserecordie embraces both men and women. The former at their initiation pay an entrance fee of six francs, and an annual sum of four francs by way of dues. The latter pay four francs at initiation and yearly dues to the amount of two francs. There are honorary members also, who do no active work, and who pay five francs a year. The only direct benefit these brethren receive from their membership is that their bodies and those of their families are buried in the private and beautiful cemetery belonging to the Order. There is no fund upon which they may draw in times of sickness; no superannuation on which they may retire in old age; there are no mystic signs or secret words; and politics are unknown in the ranks.

The mission of the Miserecordie is to relieve suffering, to watch by the sick and dying, to convey the wounded to the hospitals, to carry the dead to the tomb, and to be impartial always in their services to whosoever may require them. The dress of the Order consists of a long black frock and hood, in the latter being cut two eye holes. Save for these, the wearer is completely enveloped, and is absolutely unrecognisable. The idea of this is that individual pomp and vanity may be sunk and crucified, and so the brethren go about in the performance of their good work unknown. The amount of labour overtaken by the Order is not easily calculated. It is for ever "on duty," and the demands made upon it are enormous.

The public ambulance is a thing as yet unknown to the Italian police, and in order themselves to escape the unpleasant duty of caring for and conveying the sick and wounded to the hospitals, the authorities are only too glad that it should be performed by the Miserecordie. So thoroughly is the work established, so widely the brethren known, that the people come directly to them with their messages and demands, without applying to the authorities at

all. If a man is hurt in the street, the Miserecordie turn out at once and take him tenderly, in the cleanest and whitest of stretchers, to the nearest hospital; or to his own house, if he has one. If a weak or bedridden householder has to be moved from one room to another, a message to the Miserecordie will bring strong men to do the work. If a doctor has a dying patient too poor to afford the luxury of a nurse, he leaves word with the Miserecordie, and nurses are at once sent out in turn to tend and nurse him back to convalescence, or until death relieves them of their weary vigils.

It must not be imagined that because the Order is a Roman Catholic one, its services are offered only to its co-religionists. It goes anywhere, at any time, to do what good it can to fellowmen, and church and creed give way before the sacred procession. On the sound of an alarm, the brethren—who may be shopkeepers, porters, clerks, aristocrats, cabmen, etc.—run quickly to head-quarters, don their black robes, and give their names to the senior member present, who notes and marshals them. When the duty is performed, the brethren are dismissed, and the case attended to is carefully entered in the society's books. Whenever a brother has completed one hundred and fifty services, he receives the society's bronze medal, which is highly prized and worn at the girdle. When he has answered five thousand calls, he is entitled to the silver medal, which is worn on the breast; but as such a course of duties must necessarily be spread over a long period of years, the wearers are few and far between, and always old and venerable men.

The ranks are composed of all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. During the cholera plagues, the labours of the society were almost superhuman; and it speaks volumes for the respect in which it is held, when it is remembered that during the most stirring times of Italian history, when no processions or bands of men dared walk abroad unguarded or unarmed, the members of the Miserecordie went anywhere alone, doing this good work under the shadow of their uplifted crucifix.

Gentleness is invincible.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Johneen.

Sure he's five months old, an' he's two foot long,
Baby Johneen,
Watch yerself now, for he's tarrible sthrong,
Baby Johneen!
An' his fists 'ill be up if ye make anny slips,—
With finger-ends rosy the same as daisy-tips,—
But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips,—
will Johneen.

There' nobody can rightly tell the colour of his eyes,
this Johneen,
For they're partly o' the earth, an' still they're partly o' the skies,
like Johneen.
So far he's thravelled he's been laughin' all the way,
For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay;
An' he likes the merry daffodils, he thinks they'd do to play
with Johneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,
young Johneen,
For he takes to the wather like anny little duck,
boy Johneen;
Sure them are the hands now to pull on a rope,
An' nate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope,
But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,
for Johneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet,
och Johneen,
'Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,
wee Johneen!
Here's to your health, an' we'll dhrink it to-night,
Slainte gal, avic ma chree! live an' do right,
Slainte gal, avourneen! may yer days be bright,
Johneen!

MOIRA O'NEILL.

(*From "The Spectator."*)

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Cicada: A Tale.

BY THE REV. JOHN BYLES.*

"To every man his work."—*Mark* xiii. 34.

One August, when I was travelling in Switzerland, I stayed at a place called Montana, high up among the mountains. Beneath was the deep valley of the Rhone—cut ages ago by the icy waters descending from the glaciers above. In front was a lofty range of mountains, some of them so steep that their sides seemed bare, some covered with ice and snow. And behind were other mountains, also steep and high. But round us, and on a level with the house in which we stayed, was an open plateau or ledge, very much like an English park. Here these mountain people grow their grass for hay. In August, when we were there, the grass had just been cut, and so it was possible to walk for miles on the sweet, fresh, new-mown land. And very pleasant it was to feel beneath our feet the short, crisp blades of grass which the scythe had left, while the great snow mountains towered above, and the warm, bright sunshine fell about us.

But amid all this splendour and this greatness, there were some little things that gave me not a little pleasure. Among the grass were endless grasshoppers. You might count them by the score. They were leaping, skipping, jumping, flying, chirping; some were green and some were crimson—but all were merry as the day.

Did you ever examine a grasshopper? If you have, you know what a wonderful creature it is. It has six legs; but it is the two hind-legs that give it such marvellous powers. These hind-legs are very long and very muscular, and it is by their help that the grasshopper is able to do what no boy or man can do—jump his own height a dozen times.

This curious little creature is also a great eater. Like his cousin, the locust, he strips the plants and tears away at the grasses, and there are some grasshoppers, it is said, who are so voracious that they are provided with no fewer than two hundred teeth for the grinding of their food. But, most curious of all, this grasshopper is a musician. And he does what not many musicians can do: he carries with him on his own person his musical instrument. This musical instrument is something like a fiddle or violin, and is formed of the grasshopper's two wings, which are roughened at the sides, like the back of a matchbox. The right wing is the fiddle, and the left wing is the bow. And when the day is bright and the sun is warm, right merrily does the little fiddler play. There is one other thing about the grasshopper which I should like to tell you. He belongs to a very ancient family—more ancient than any Howard or Plantagenet in all the land. Indeed, so ancient is his family that you may find the remains of some of his family embedded in the coal which was formed, as you know, out of the trees and ferns of mighty forests which flourished thousands and thousands of years ago. In those great forests, ages before the first man was born, these grasshoppers and crickets—for they are all one family—played and danced, and jumped and chirped as merry then as they are now.

And now I want to tell you a story about a grasshopper, or Cicada as it was called. This story comes to us from the land of stories—ancient Greece. The story has been put into verse by our great poet, Mr. Browning, and you will do well to read the poem—but to-day I will tell it you in prose. Once on a time there lived in Greece a poet, who was also a musician. He carried with him an instrument called a lyre, and on this lyre he played to accompany his own songs. The lyre had seven strings. One day our poet-bard went to a city—it might have been Athens or Corinth. Here, as it chanced, they were holding a singing competition. There were judges ready to decide between the singers, there were prizes ready to be given. At last the turn came for our musician, and as he sang and played the judges said they had never heard the like. Time, style, feeling, everything was perfect. And the people, they clapped and shouted and cried "Bravo!" And everyone said the man *must* win the prize. When, lo! a snap was heard—and when the player looked at his lyre a string was broken! What was the poor man to do? Here were six strings on his lyre instead of seven. All hope of the prize seemed gone, when just at that moment a grasshopper appeared and lighted on the lyre. And there it sat. And when the musician came to the place of the broken string the tiny creature rubbed his wings—the bow against the fiddle—and brought out clear and full the very note required. And so the man won the prize. Now this musician was what all of us ought to be—but what I fear we all of us are not: he was a grateful man. So as he went home he said to himself, "This grasshopper must not be forgotten; I will have a statue made of myself in marble, and in my hand shall be my lyre, and on the lyre an image of this grasshopper." And this accordingly he did.

Now I hope you will agree with me that this story very well illustrates the teaching of our text: "To every man his work."

So here we have the great lesson that I want to give you. This life that we are living now is, or ought to be, a Concert. And in this concert every one of us should take his part. Each of us should bring into the concert all the music and all the sweetness he is able.

Now we must remember that there are various places for this concert, and various kinds of music to be played.

There is the Concert of Home; and what I would have you remember is that the music here can only be sweet and full as each one in the home takes his part, and is at pains always to strike the right note and never to strike the wrong one; here is the secret of Harmony at home.

Then for those of you who are still at school there is the Concert of School. And alike in work and play the music and the harmony of school depend on each one filling his place and doing his best.

* From a delightful volume, just published, of addresses to children, entitled *The Legend of St. Mark*. Mr. Byles, who was a well-known and much respected Congregationalist, is now settled at our Free Church in Northampton, where we hope from him great things.

And when the time comes for your leaving school and going out into the great world beyond, you must each try to make a concert there.

This beautiful world in which God our Father has placed us, ought to be one great concert—every man and woman and child filling his place and taking his part. I know, alas! that this is not always now the case. Too often there are sad, sad discords, and no concert at all. But this concert is what we have to strive for. And it will be for you as you grow older and go out into the troubled world to do your best to change these discords into harmonies. And no work can be more blessed. Is not this what Jesus said: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God?"

So now let me conclude with these three pieces of advice—

1. Always take up the part that is nearest to you. Whenever you see a broken string, like the Cicada in the story, hasten to fill in the missing note.

2. Whatever the part you have to fill, put into it all the sweetness you are able. Be cheerful, be brave, "making melody in your hearts unto the Lord."

3. Forget self! Here is the secret of good music and good work. He who would play his best, and work his best, must know how to forget himself, and, when the need arises, to deny himself.

We cannot all have a marble statue, or even a place upon one, but we can all, if we are faithful, have the joy of feeling that we have played our part, and thus have done something towards hastening the time when the world shall be one great concert of harmony and love.

The Valley of Childhood.

"Is it warm in that fair valley,
Vale of childhood, where you dwell?
Is it calm in that green valley
'Round whose bourne great hills swell?
Are there giants in the valley,
Giants leaving footprints yet?
Are there angels in the valley?
Tell me,—I forget."

Too many of us forget what the valley of childhood was like. We forget the giants and the black goblins that were there. Indeed, most people leave their childhood days so far behind them that they have forgotten that angel visits were so few and far between.

The valley of childhood is certainly not all green pastures and still waters. It has its gloomy, dark side. We often say to the children, "You have played all day without a care: you ought to be happy."

We forget how many times during the day we called them to run errands, to mind the baby, and the hundred other little things that only a child can do. We do not take into consideration that the play was spoiled by a disagreeable playmate, or by an accident to the clothes, by a fall, a broken doll or a lost ball. All these things are real troubles to the little ones, who yet have not learned the wise philosophy that for every wound there is a balm.

Has it been so very long ago that we have forgotten the lonesome, rainy days when we could not leave the house, and nothing was provided inside for our amusement? Have we forgotten how our childish hearts swelled with indignation when we were accused or punished unjustly, and we dared not resent the injustice? Have we forgotten the nights we lay awake with the memory of all the terrible stories we heard about Indians, ghosts, bears, snakes, and the men that killed people, and then, when the wind would shriek through the trees or rattle the window-pane, how our head would go down under the cover and how our heart would go pit-pat? All this we suffered and in silence, for the grown-up ones would only laugh or scold. Each one of us, if we would, could recall some of those wretched nights that should tend to make us more patient with our children.

While we teach our children to be brave, cultivate the best we can, strength of nerves and of mind, what is to be gained by having them needlessly suffer from being in the dark or from fear of any kind, when we can remove this by gaining their confidence and giving them sympathy by gentle words and kindness? Just as necessary to feed and clothe our children is it to give them sympathy. Don't forget this when the doll is broken or the kitten hurt. Everything is swallowed up in their grief at the time, and they are heart-broken. Look back and sum up your fears, the hurts, the teasings, the pettings, and the scoldings that came as others willed, and tell us would you again like to live in the Valley of Childhood, and do you not feel like doing something to make the valley better and brighter?

There are moments in our lives which are as fountains from which the rest of life continues to flow.